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WILLIAM HUNTER, THE PARRICIDE.

Of all the seasons in the year give me spring—pure, clear, and beautiful spring : summer may be prized for its genial glow of heat—winter for its bracing cold—autumn for its calm and gentle breezes—but the joyous, the bright, and the laughing spring, with its fresh green buds and its fragrant breathings, is to me infinitely dearer than any. Are not the spring flowers more beautiful than the gaudy minions of summer ? Is not the spring rain more dewy, more gentle, and more refreshing ? Is not the spring sunshine more replete with purity and softness ?—and is not the spring—but, psha ! where's the use in talking ? Will any one attempt to tell me that spring is not the most decidedly delightful of all the seasons ?

It was one of those evenings when, as a poet would say, the glorious sun was burning with redoubled lustre, and his head would droop as if to seek its ocean pillow ; but as poets are sometimes unintelligible, I must say that this means it was the time of sunset, when a yellow flood of light overspread the western heaven, and covered every tree, every leaf, and every flower with a golden and beautiful tinting : everything looked happy and peaceful ; the fields, with their new livery of green, the budding shoots of the low hawthorn, and the little trout-brook that bubbled merrily along, seeming to chant forth its hymn of gladness. But, alas ! in this world too often are looks deceitful, and very often doth a smile, that brightens the cheek and eye, conceal an anguished and breaking heart. That sun looked down on a narrow glen or valley, situated between two of the mountains bordering on the little village called Step-aside, and shone upon the white-washed walls of its few scattered cabins, and on the bright yellow blossoms of the mountain furze, giving them a cheerful appearance, as if content and peace held there a constant dwelling.

One of those cabins was situated entirely apart from the rest, in the middle of a patch of green verdure that seemed as if worked with much labour from the very mountain side, as all round it was barren rock, mingled with tall and thick heath. Its walls were dirty and decayed-looking ; a bunch of rags was stuffed into the small orifice that formerly contained a window, and not a single wreath of blue smoke issued from the hole in the roof originally constructed for its escape. The little piece of ground surrounding it, though it had evidently once been tilled and well cared, bore now a neglected, wild appearance : the furrows of the past year were yet marked out, and a heap of rank weeds sprang up where formerly the stalks of green oats used to uprear their well-laden heads ; in fact, one might discern at a glance that it was the abode of poverty, and perhaps of misery ; and yet, notwithstanding all this, that half ruined cabin, lit up with the departing gleams of sunlight, was a picturesque feature in the general landscape. The door was open, and against its side was leaning, in thoughtful attitude, a tall, squalid-looking figure ; his head, with its tangled masses of grey and black hair, drooped upon his breast ; his sunken eyes looked intently on the earth, and one hand was thrust into his bosom, while the other hung listlessly at his side. He did not always remain in that fixed attitude, for he sometimes started, as if the spirit within suddenly moved and urged him, and would clasp his hands with a phrenzied, despairing action, and knit his brows till they completely shaded his dark and gloomy eyes.—There was in his features an appearance of youth, but yet his cheeks were thin, and his brow wrinkled ; he had evidently once been handsome, but now there was an uneasy look—a wild glare in his eye, and a twitching at the corners of his compressed lips that spoke fearfully of *war, and misery, and wretchedness—wretchedness that urged on almost to crime.*

The wailing of an infant was heard within, accompanied with the weak, though sweet tones of a female voice, striving to hush its little cries ; and on his name being called by the latter, the man who was standing at the door started suddenly from his reverie, and entered the cabin. Its interior was destitute of almost every article of common country furniture : a low, rickety table, one stool, and a

small bed seemed its only contents. On this latter lay a miserable-looking female figure, covered with a blanket, and holding a little child to her bosom, whose smothered sobs she tried in vain to hush. Her face was thin and worn ; her blue eyes dull and leaden ; and her long and once beautiful golden hair lay in thick clotted folds on her poor, wan neck. He advanced to the bed-side, and half sitting, half kneeling, bent down, and taking her worn hand, exclaimed in broken tones, and with a distracted, though fond and tender air—

“ Did you call me, my heart's love ? ”

“ Yis, William, darlin', I did,” was the meek and quiet answer—evidently forced, for her face was convulsed with suffering ; I'm wake wid the thruth, an' want you to hand me that cup ov wather. The poor, weeny one here is cryin', an' I can't stop him ; bud, William, you can't blame him, fur ye know he's hungry.”

A feverish flush flew rapidly over his face as she concluded, and his lip shook with emotion as he handed her the liquid. While she was raising it to her lips, her hand trembled so violently that a part of its contents fell upon the child, who roused by this, looked up, and on seeing its father, in low, almost incoherent accents, it sobbed forth a request for some food—food that he had not to give ! He sprang up with despair and distraction written in legible characters upon his brow, and striding to the table, where there were three or four cold potatoes, he seized one, and giving it to the child, muttered—

“ There—take that : it's the last almost we have—an' God only knows what 'ill become ov us whin they are gone.”

“ William ! ” said the female ; but he was too full of agony to hear her. “ William ! ” said she a second time—“ dear William, he whose name you've mentioned is grate an' good, an' 'ill look down on us yet, an' give us relief from our troubles. You know iv I could only get over this sickness an' be able to go about, we might remove an' do somethin' : so don't be so despairin', love ; we'll hope fur the best.”

“ Hope fur the best,” he bitterly repeated ; “ what have we to hope fur ? Deserted be all our friends—turned off be our relations, athout one to own us or help us—poor, an' starvin', an' miserable—Father of Mercies, it's a cruel prospect ! ”

“ Id brakes me heart intirely to hear you talkin' so, William, jewel ; fur I know I'm the cause ov all this. Iv you hadn't married me agin the wishes ov yer father, an' provoked his anger, you'd be livin' now, snugan' comfortable, insted ov bein' as you are, in this hovel, full ov misery an' want—”

“ Me father ! ” he wildly interrupted ; “ don't call him father, fur he never acted as one : he was as hardened to me as the very stranger that owns this cabin, an' this ground—who wouldn't let me pull a bit of hathe to make a few brooms, though it's growin' in oceans, an' is made no use ov, simply fur fare ov my spilin' his shootin' an' his sport.”

“ Iv you war to thry him onst more, William, darlin',” exclaimed she in a tone of deep though repressed intreaty, “ iv you wor to take yer little son in yer arms, an' stand afore him in his well-filled house, an' tell him you are starvin', an' your wife is dyin' fur the want ov a bit ov comfortable food. Iv he was to see you *now*, he couldn't, I'm sure he couldn't refuse, or if he does his heart is steel.”

He hesitated for a moment, and looked anxiously into the sufferer's face, and saw too plainly that she told the truth.

“ Yis, my poor Mary,” he exclaimed, stooping down and touching his lip to her cheek, “ I will go to him onst more, an' beg an' intrate ov him to help me ; bud I won't bring the child, fur its clothes are too—too ragged—an' it 'ill be company fur you while I'm away. May the great God soften his hard heart ! ”

So saying, he kissed the child, and having arranged some little necessities, such as a drink of water beside the bed, with one long look of unabated love on its altered occupant, he went forth and closed the cabin door.

The moment he disappeared the tears, which had been

gent up, to bring no addition to his grief, burst forth in an uncontrollable flood, and fell, hot and scalding, on the cheeks of her child, who had then a second time fallen into a short, calm slumber. On perceiving this she strove also to repress them, but could not, while her thick, heavy sobs betokened the extreme suffering of her mind.

Gentle reader! have you ever seen a beautiful white and yellow butterfly disporting all day amongst the summer flowers?—living on in light and joy, with its fragile wings bearing it from one sweet to another, untouched by grief and unsated with pleasure—like such was Mary Law when she first met with the being whom her heart soon elected as its lord. She was the only surviving daughter of a cottier or working man, in the employment of Phil Hunter, an opulent farmer, whose land extended every year to a greater length; for he was prudent and industrious, and besides that had “the book larnin’,” and “wasn’t like them poor crathurs that didn’t know B from a bull’s fut!”—Mary was universally allowed to be the prettiest of all the girls round about, and as such was generally elected to be queen of May, and was the first in all such rural sports. Her temperament was lively in the extreme. She thought not of grief, but laughed and sported from morning till night; and her bright, cloudless eye, and her merry, shrill, laughing voice had irresistible fascination, “fur all de bits o’ boys;” but Mary was too sensible to be caught completely with their professions, and so amused herself in dismissing them one by one as they tendered their hands and hearts for her acceptance. When she was about eighteen, William Hunter, the son of her father’s employer, returned home from visiting a relative in the south, where he had been since he was a boy. At a rural wedding they first met, and danced together—sat together—chatted together—and fell in love. His warmth of manner, bursts of delight, and long and earnest gazings on her rich face and golden hair, revealing the secret to her; and her embarrassment, trembling hand, and blushing cheek, making his heart bound to his very lip at the idea of her not being indifferent to him.

Though he was infinitely above her in circumstances, having ascertained the state of her affections, he ventured to propose her to his father as his future bride, thinking he might meet with a little opposition, but never even dreaming of the flat refusal he encountered. But the fact was, old Hunter was growing rich, and consequently was not only desirous of more, but was proud into the bargain; and expected his son to marry some comfortable farmer’s daughter, not the child of one of his workmen, who had only a pretty face to recommend her. Accompanied with the refusal, was an order not to see her any more; which was of course disobeyed, as opposition inflamed William’s excited passions doubly, and he resolved to have her whether his father would or not.—“Marry in haste and repent at leisure,” is an old proverb, and a good one; they married in haste, quite sure that when this final step was taken they would be easily forgiven; and then, when the first transports of joy was over, he found himself an inmate in Law’s cabin, and an outcast from his father’s house, with a curse upon his head if he ever again dared to cross its threshold.

The first blow of any weight the young couple had to endure was the death of Mary’s father, who was long declining, and at last sunk to his everlasting sleep, pillowed in the arms of his beloved child. They then were left the possessors of his little cabin, without a shilling to begin the world, and both unused to great exertion or labour. Upon this William went to his father, bringing his wife with him, and prayed for his forgiveness; but the stern old man, who had lately got married a second time, was involved in new cares, and urged by his wife, dismissed them with menace and contumely. After this their affairs gradually declined, and poverty stared them in the face. However, they struggled on for some time, till the increasing stagnation of affairs involved them also in its miseries, and they fell into actual want. It was a touching thing to see her light elastic form grow thin, and spare, and weak, while she still strove to smile, lest he should be unhappy; and to see him labouring with untiring nerve for her support, and yet not able to ensure even that.

In the midst of all this Mary caught cold, and, for the want of some little restoratives, continued severely ill, and unable to rise; and such was the situation precisely of their affairs on the evening I first have introduced them to the reader. I will now follow his footsteps as he proceeds towards his father’s house. It stood at the base of the mountain, and was shaded by the wide branches of some tall trees that grew in front, while its rear was extended considerably with barns and outhouses, some old, and some of recent structure. A neat, green paling enclosed the garden before the door; and there the monthly roses were in full bloom, while the green kale, and other more useful plants had also their places. A cheerful burst of thick smoke proceeded from the chimney, and ascended into the unruffled atmosphere, while the sounds of laughter and mirth were heard within.—When, after an hour’s walking, William stood outside the slight paling, the last faint light of even had declined, and the night had gradually set in, so that the clear blaze of fire light, that gleamed through the window, shone with a more ruddy effulgence. He did not hesitate a moment, for he had nerved himself beyond that, and so at once pushed open the little wicket, and advanced to the house. After knocking twice, the door was opened by his step-mother, who, with well feigned ignorance, stared at him as if he were a stranger; and then, on his addressing her as her son, told him that her husband was in Dublin, and that she could not admit *beggars* into the house at such an hour. His proud spirit, that had been crushed by misfortune, at this taunt, swelled within him, and he retorted bitterly; but this line of conduct, in such a case, is not the wisest that can be pursued, for she had the power in her hands, which he had not, and exerted it by slamming the door in “the interloper’s face” without further ceremony. He raised his hands to heaven, and a malediction, deep and fierce, against the author of his being actually mounted to his lip; but a swelling sob, that even in the tumult of passion he could not restrain, smothered it ere it burst forth into words, and pressing his face in his hands he strode gloomily away, his mind filled to the very utmost with bitterness and gall. As he proceeded slowly along, his thoughts were in one wild and mingled chaos of dreams of revenge. He brooded fiercely over his repulsion: he thought of his wife’s sickness and starving state: he felt the rags that covered his own emaciated limbs, and he asked himself why should this be, when a remedy yet presented itself? He dreamed, as all do when crushed by any deep blow, that the world was leagued against him, and why not he against the world? In a word, he was in that humour when the nature of man seems to have undergone a change, and he is in the vein for deeds of desperation. Suddenly, as he came upon the highway, in a part of the road where a rough path, that in winter was a torrent, led to the mountain top, a solitary traveller emerged from the shade of a high wall that stood at the opposite side, and proceeded on towards the place he had just quitted. That fiend, who is ever on the watch for a new victim, whispered into his ear the words of temptation. Imagination brought before him his child crying for food and his wife lying in agony on her bed of straw, and then showed him the stranger’s gold, and how easily it might be procured; and in one moment of deep, desolate despair, the principles of years were uprooted, and all worn and feeble as he was, he rushed upon the unwary man who was advancing, and seizing him with the grasp of a giant demanded his money.

The stranger, who was somewhat advanced in years, trembled violently, but did not answer; while the half maniac, for such he was, shook him wildly, and again exclaimed, in tones of forced calmness, that were infinitely more appalling than his former unbridled fury,

“I’m a desperate man—I’m driven on to despair, an’ even madness; so don’t make me frantic wid delay; give me yer money this instant, I command you.” then a suddenness of better feeling allaying the bad spirit, he continued, “bud, no—stranger, no—I don’t command—I beg, I intrate, I pray you to keep me from starvin’—God ’ill reward you; do, stranger, do—only a few shillin’ an’ the Almighty ’ill bless you!”

"Release me this instant—robber, release me!" cried the traveller in a fierce passion, unmoved by his fervent prayers; and at this foul epithet, which his heart told him *he* hardly deserved, all that good, that generous humanity with which his soul was a moment before imbued, vanished as if by magic, and he tightened his gripe of the stranger's throat to suffocation, and the veins of his forehead filled to bursting, and his quivering lip grew livid, and a furious torrent of bitter curses proceeded from those very sources from whence so lately had flowed words of deep supplication and intreaty: his trembling fingers, swayed by that mad will which scarcely knew why it so urged them, twisted and twined in the neck-cloth of the old man, and his loud and choking gasps grew less and less distinct; till at length they entirely ceased; and then flinging him rudely from him, the changed William shrieked—

"Now will you call *me* robber?"

A low sigh proceeded from the figure, which in consequence of the darkness of the night could be but indistinctly seen, and it tottered and fell; and at this sight the first tinglings of remorse shot like a bolt of living fire through the heart of the furious Hunter. He stood for a second or two irresolutely watching the dark body before him, when suddenly the clear, pale, silver moon appeared like a crescent surmounting the edge of a dark cloud that had hitherto concealed her, and brightly illuminated the face of the entire earth. At this William's gaze became fixed; his eyes turned not, stirred not, did not wink—his hair slowly began to rise off his temples, and his cheek, lately red with fury, became blanched as snow. His knees tottered, he moved slowly towards the yet insensible victim of his passion, and kneeling at his side fearfully lifted up his head, and looked at his wrinkled features. Then, the wild spasm of agony that twisted up his shaking lip, the fearful working of the maddened spirit that shook his entire frame, as in a voice louder than thunder, he shrieked—

"Gracious heaven! I have murdered me own father!"

His hands then relaxed their hold of the old man's head, and it fell heavily with the face against the earth; upon which William leaned down, and subduing, or trying to subdue his agony and dread, in a tone of the bitterest and deepest supplication cried—

"Oh, Almighty Ruler of heaven! dar I look up to you fur forgiveness of my crime!—dar I hope fur his yet recoverin'—father, dear father! look on your agonised son; only sigh, only brathe an' I'll bless you—bless you—bless you."

Then a second time his agitated and trembling hands raised up the old man's head; but a dark stream of clotting gore now flowed from a wound in the forehead, received in the last violent fall, and grew thick as it passed down the deep furrows of his aged cheek. On seeing this he grew mad, and with his fingers crimsoned with a father's blood, tore his hair in handfuls from his head, and distractedly flinging his arms towards heaven, cursed and blasphemed himself, the world, and all created things. This violent paroxysm did not last, for again the hyena within grew tame, and he lay down on the cold earth beside the dead body, and, like an idiot, laughed fiercely and unmeaningly, as he rubbed down the white hair of his victim, some of which already adhered together, as the thick blood from his temple penetrated its long folds.

He remained thus for some time, alternately cursing in a frightful manner, and giving way to the most appalling and withering bursts of maniac laughter, when suddenly, in the pause occurring between the two, the noise of footsteps approaching struck on his ear. At the first impulse which stirred within, he bounded up, and without casting another glance on the murdered body, fled up the mountain with the rapidity of a stricken deer, unconscious why he did so, but striving as it were, in the violence of exertion, to banish those agonizing thoughts that seared and tortured the very inmost recesses of his soul.

The silver moonbeams shone on the white walls of Hunter's cabin, as distracted with agony and remorse he a second time madly hastened towards it. The fields round about looked fresh and green as the drops of living dew

descended from heaven to refresh the mountain flowers, and the bubbling stream shone like a molten mass of silver, as it quietly glided through the deep-worn course, singing,

"A merry and a sprightly song,
As it leaped from stone to stone along."

The door was left unfastened, and he pushed it back, and, gloomily entering, flung himself on a rude seat, and covering his face with his hands did not, could not speak."

"William!" said the faint but sweet tones of his wife's voice, "William, is that you? Oh! I have been so very ill sence, an' I wanted you so badly, an'—bud, William, what's the matter—why don't you spake? It was your thread I shurely hard—husband won't you spake?"

"It was me, Mary," he harshly uttered; "I'm tired—I can't be humourin' you now; don't be annoyin' me wid yer questions."

Even as he finished this sentence, which came from a sore, sore tried heart—that heart smote him for his cruelty; and when he heard her sob with grief, though she did not answer, he sprang to the bed-side, and continued,

"Bud no, no Mary—don't mind what I say—spake what you like; I'm distracted; oh, heavens! mad to blame *you*—you, me furst love an' me last—my own darlin' Mary!"

"I fear, William, there is somethin' wid you not right. I never heard your voice so hollow afore; I can see yer eyes like lumps ov blazin' coal, an' yer manners entirely althered. Tell me, fur God's sake tell me, what has happened: William, don't turn away, bud tell me!"

"No—nothin'—nothin' I say has happened. Why should you think there has? Mary, do you think I could rob, or murder, that you ask me this? I tell you nothin' has happened!"

The frightful tone with which this was uttered froze the blood in her very veins, and she raised herself up and strained her burning eyes to look in his face as she exclaimed,

"William Hunter, I did not spake of robbin', nor ov murder, an' why do you bring thim down. Oh! I feel a cold dhread witherin' up me very sow! Husband, what have you done?"

"Nothin'," he eagerly answered, with a sudden and superhuman effort, calming his voice, and swallowing, as it were, his agony.

"Then God Almighty bless you fur that word," fervently prayed the poor deluded one, now nearly convinced by the returned and forced calmness of his manner, "fur yer voice an' yer groans frightened me to death. Now, William darlin', tell me did *he* listen to you, an' forgive you, or did he spurn you from him, an' behave cruel an' unfeelin'?"

The same hollow, unearthly calmness pervaded every tone of his voice as he answered; and she again became alarmed at its strange monotony, but kept her fears within her own bosom, and did not, even by a single expression or sigh, give him to understand the deep dread that was seated, like a lump of cold iron, in her soul.—Her question he at first evaded; but, on its being a second time repeated with more earnestness, he exclaimed,

"I did go, an' I saw him, an' asked him, an' begged of him, and prayed—bud he refused, an' reviled me, an—I—I left him *never to revile again!*"

"Oh, William," she exclaimed, "there is a fearful meanin' in yer last words; a dhreadful hollowness in yer manner ov utterin' thim: answer me, fur the sake ov the mother that bore you, do I think wrongfully ov you?"

Her hand was laid on his as she thus spoke, and when he felt the light touch of her wasted fingers, he snatched it away, as if an adder stung him, and no longer able to control the feelings which his powerful efforts had for some moments kept in check, he absolutely roared,

"Mary—wife—woman! don't touch that hand; don't place a finger near id—it is covered wid the blood of a father!"

The low pallet whereon she lay absolutely shook with the terrible spasms that agitated her worn frame at this confirmation of her very worst suspicions; but a moment after, when she thought of his nature, so soft and so gen-

tle, she refused to let her heart believe that it could be so, and rising to her knees, clasped her hands together, and prayed, while the big, round, scalding tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, William, William, dear William, say that it is not so; let me bless you as my own guiltless husband afore I die; let me pray for you as the lover I once knew, who was innocent as the lamb, an' not as the blood-stained murderer ov his own father. Oh, William! oh, my young heart's furst choice, listen to me, an' contradiet yer cruel, cruel words: say id—whisper id—brathe id—an' I'll bless that God who looks down on us, an' sees that I'll not live long in happiness or misery!"

He stood for a second without motion, and then essayed to answer, but a single word uttered would have choked him; and a noise being heard outside—'twas but the wind sighing through the trees—(but the heart of the guilty is always fearful) he gasped forth a sob that, more than words, confirmed all she had imagined; and straining his sleeping child to his bosom, laid it again beside its paralyzed mother, and rushed from the cabin with a haste and fury as if legions of enemies were at his heels. On his sudden departure Mary did not shriek or cry, but without seeming power to uphold her weak frame, fell on her face on the bed, and twined her arms round the crying child, shivering and sobbing with the deepest agony of mind.

The following morning the whole neighbourhood was in consternation. The body of old Hunter was found where his son had left it, for the footsteps which scared him away were passing in an opposite direction; and on the suspicions of the neighbours being aroused, in consequence of William's stepmother giving an account of his phrenzied manner the night previous, they went in a body to his cabin on the mountain.

The sight which there presented itself was fearful, and affecting in the extreme. Mary, the once beautiful and laughing Mary, was a cold, stiff corse. During the night she had died; for the agonies she endured were too much for her already worn and exhausted frame, and her eyes were open, but glazed, and her lank thin jaw dropped, and both hands clasped tightly on her shrunk bosom. Her child was playing with the long masses of her once lovely golden hair, and calling on her in tones of infantine endearment to awake. Tears filled the eyes of all present.

'Tis needless to dwell too long on scenes of agony such as these, but yet there is a lesson to be gained in all; for, alas! the harshness of parents too often drives their children to crime and misery, that they otherwise never would have encountered, and vice is inculcated, and even infamy takes root in hearts that before but knew of their existence, as dangers to be shunned, and quicksands to be avoided. Parents reflect on this, and recollect that human nature is frail, and do not dare to elect yourselves as judges over faults to which all mankind are naturally prone and inclined.

Mary was interred in the village burial ground, and her father-in-law was laid by her side, while some compassionate neighbour took charge of the child, who died before he could prove his gratitude. William for a long time evaded pursuit, but at length, not being able to endure the pangs of remorse, he gave himself up, confessed the murder, and was executed.

DENIS O'DONORO.

ASTHMATIC MIXTURE.

Ether tincture of bladder-podded lobelia half an ounce, camphorated julep six ounces. Mix.—Two tablespoonfuls to be taken two or three times a day for chronic difficulty of breathing, and spasmodic asthma.

For spasmodic asthma, particularly when attended with flatulence, oppression of the chest, and increased susceptibility of the nervous system, this is a most valuable mixture, the first dose generally affording immediate relief.

He is more fool than wit who will offend,
For sake of jest, the man who was his friend;
In such a case we by experience know,
To lose a friend is to create a foe.

TABO.

STANZAS.

"All that's bright must fade."

As gladly I woke from my morning dreams,
With pleasure I gazed on the sun's warm beams,
While light on the world beneath him threw,
As he smiled from his palace of azure hue.

But evening came with its misty shade,
And I marked the sun in his glory fade;
With pleasure I gazed at meridian hour,
On the glowing tints of the rosy flower.

Its blossoms, like joy, looked happy and gay,
And its leaves, like hope, smiled verdantly;
But evening came with its dusky shade,
And I marked the floweret's beauty fade.

I saw the poet's raptured eye,
And I thought that its light could never die;
I saw the youthful maiden's bloom,
And I thought not of the withering tomb.

But the fire of the bard and the bloom of the maid,
Like the sun and the floweret grew cold and decayed
And they who prize each earthly thing,
Like me will find them withering.

The hearts round which you cling to-day,
Ere morning's noon will turn to clay;
This world and all on earth were made
To perish, sink, decay, and fade.

THE RETURNING EXILE'S SONG.

Once more, dear land, I see thee
In evening's silent hour,
And a feeling cometh o'er me,
As with a magic power;
For I think since last I saw thee,
When I left thee for the wave,
How many who have loved me
Are cold within the grave.

Thy sons are still as mighty,
Thy children still as brave,
And the thunder of thy high ones
Still peals along the wave;
But the blackening pall of sorrow
Hath o'er our hearts been spread,
And from every tone we borrow
Some relic of the dead.

Thy fields are still the same,
Thy shore is still as bright,
And the terror of thy name
Hath still its wonted might;
But ah! how lorn and cheerless
Our sad and gloomy lot—
The loved—the young—the fearless,
Are not!—alas!—are not.

Yet, though the valued faces,
The eyes of beaming light,
Have left their vacant places,
And are gone from mortal sight;
Yet every fairy woodland,
And every old oak tree,
And every smiling hedge-row,
Hath charms for memory.

Still graceful are thy daughters,
In innocence and youth,
And still is all untarnish'd,
The glory of thy truth;
And tho' remembrance weepeth,
Yet still I can but smile,
When I think on all thy virtues,
My own—my own green isle.

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